

THE FIELD AFAR

# Maryknoll

DECEMBER 1954





INFANT mortality is the scourge of southeast Asia. In order to give every child a better chance for life, apostles from the West are busy today in remote regions teaching proper care of children.



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This is a story about grand larceny

that won the hearty approval of all.

# Rich Little Poor Girl

BY SISTER M. MERCY, M.D.

■ A FRAIL, emaciated wisp of a woman was brought into our Maryknoll clinic in Pusan, Korea, the other day. I gave her a thorough physical examination and found that she was suffering from an advanced case of diabetes. To put her at ease, I asked her to tell me a little something about herself. Sung Doki's story showed that trouble was no recent visitor in the life of this pathetic refugee woman whose condition tugged at my heartstrings. I never did learn anything about her father, but at an early age, she had lost her mother. The only one she could turn to for support was her older sister.

Happily, the sister was married and thus able to care for Sung Doki. The ailing woman made repeated trips to the clinic in the weeks that followed, but she was making no headway against the disease. I called in her sister and outlined a course of treatment that I hoped would help. Sadly enough, the patient grew worse under this regime, and I was forced to change her treatment.

This time our efforts struck pay dirt. Soon Sung Doki was definitely on the mend — much to her delight. Her aches and pains began to disappear; her eyesight improved.

Out of gratitude, she asked to be allowed to



help our work. We knew that Sung Doki, like most Korean women, had talents as a seamstress, so we suggested that she help us fill the needs of poorer patients. Each visit found her bringing a piece of handiwork — which, when given out here, added to some poor child's comfort and warmth. With the cessation of hostilities, her sister packed up and joined the Koreans heading for Seoul, leaving Sung Doki alone. In fear and trembling, she broke the news to us. We came to the rescue and reassured her of unfailing help. We found shelter for her in a non-Catholic neighbor's home. She was to work about the house and help with the chores, while we would supply the necessary food, clothing and medicine.

However, when cold weather set in, Sung Doki's health once more took a turn for the worse. She needed strength to face this renewed cross. Thank God, she found this in abundant measure. She learned about God from one of our catechists. This bore fruit, and on Christmas Eve she was baptized Joanna.

For several days we missed Joanna's gentle taps at the side door, and we began to wonder. Then we learned that Joanna had developed pneumonia with complications.

A few days later, the mistress of the house where our patient worked

came in with this story: "Yesterday Joanna awoke from a sound sleep, repeating over and over 'I am so grateful!' She requested me to go to the Catholic church and tell the priest that Joanna, baptized at Christmas, was dying and wanted the sacraments." The visitor said that she did as she was asked, and was quite

confounded by the events that followed.

Joanna next asked her mistress to go to the Maryknoll Sisters' Hospital and tell the Sisters there not to worry. "I am all prepared with the sacraments. I am going to heaven. I am so grateful for all they've done to keep me alive until now."

Shortly after this, Joanna passed away, with the names of Jesus and Mary on her lips.

The gratitude and faith of Joanna had an overpowering impact on her mistress. She had never witnessed the like before. Our visitor told us that she wanted to know more about the belief of the girl to whom she had given employment and shelter.

As the days go by, we witness God's graces and see souls filled and nurtured by the Divine Physician's special treatment, His grace, the spiritual wonder drug. Koreans who are desperate, pilfer and thieve. One cannot help thinking that spiritually they steal the Golden Gates right off the hinges. ■ ■

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# Bamboo Wireless

Eleven of BISHOP FORD'S Kaying seminarians are continuing their studies in the freedom of Hong Kong. The story of their escape from the Reds will make interesting reading when it can be told . . . Father JAMES MCCLOSKEY has opened a secondary school in the Bolivian jungle for his boys and girls. A new church is next on his plans when he gets the money - a scarce item in the Amazon headwaters . . . Father WONG in Kaying was arrested for receiving vows of two native Sisters.

\* \* \*

Kowak mission in Africa has 5,800 Catholics out of a total population of 22,000. In the Maryknoll mission as a whole by contrast only 5% are Catholics. Kowak, incidentally, counted more than 25,000 dispensary treatments last year . . . A new life of BISHOP JAMES ANTHONY WALSH is being written in Japan by Father JOHN MURRETT.

\* \* \*

Down in Bolivia Father THOMAS COLLINS stood with his mouth open marveling at a giant anaconda skin circling on a man's house. "I'll tell you a secret, Padre," said the man finally. "Everyone around here is always telling about the big snakes they killed. I decided to stop that talk with this skin. I'm not telling anyone else but, actually, I put two skins together." . . . Most popular item on Maryknoll Bookshelf's list with teachers is Sister MARIA GIOVANNI'S teaching cards.

\* \* \*

A new mobile clinic housed in a  $2\frac{1}{2}$  ton truck has been put to work in Hong Kong by Father PAUL DUCHESNE caring for refugees. It is a gift of American Catholics . . . Brother ALBERT STABULI is busy building a new center house on Formosa.

\* \* \*

Father HILARY JAKOWSKI delivered some freight for shipment in Bolivia. The agent told him he would get a big discount if he had 100 pounds. Father had only 98. He offered to pay for the missing two pounds but the agent wouldn't hear of this. However the man did accept a two pound rock for shipment and the ingenuous missioner got his discount . . . Hong Kong has invasion jitters these days. Latest rumor to flood the island, probably Red inspired, was that Formosa had been badly bombed.

# CHRISTMAS AMONG THE REFUGEES

They lift themselves up  
by their own bootstraps.

BY HOWARD D. TRUBE, M.M.



■ I AM writing this on the anniversary of Bishop Ford's birth. It is one of the days we refugees in Tung Tao Village like to keep in a special way. This morning's Mass was read for Bishop Ford and was well attended. This anniversary brings to mind the many events of the past year in our small corner of the island of Hong Kong.

Before Christmas we held a party for the children of the poor; over a thousand youngsters accepted our invitation. Gifts were of a practical nature: food baskets for the impoverished, rent money for the homeless, warm clothes for the cold and shivering.

Movies were shown in our open-air theater, a flat space in front of our school. The refugees enjoyed watching the films, "Joyful Hour" and "A Star Is Born." Our 16mm projector was the gift of a local Catholic. Another friend is kind enough to keep the machine in good repair. It is a first-class asset for our mission work.

Christmas was a glorious feast in Tung Tao Village. Baptisms, confessions, attendance at all the Masses of Christmas, were evidences that Christ really found an "inn" of love, here among the Chinese refugees on the anniversary of His birth at Bethlehem.

The highlight of the festivities was the class of catechumens who received Baptism. There were 106, including Cantonese, Hakka, Swatowese and Mandarin-speaking people. The class was the result of hard work and plenty of teamwork by lay Catholics, catechists, Sisters and Fathers.

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Most of these new Catholics had been introduced to the Church by lay people. Classes like this in numbers and in variety are not unusual. Since last July over three hundred Chinese converts have been baptized at the Tung Tao church. The total number of converts since I came to live here is well over seven hundred.

Midnight Mass was attended by more than a thousand people. Our school-chapel was packed. People crowded every bench; many could find standing room only. They packed the aisles, perched on the window sills, filled every other available spot. What a contrast this was to the Christmas of the previous year. Then we sang Mass in a roofless school, and the congregation had filled only a corner of the chapel.

Our choir was excellent. This is the first place since I came to the Orient that I have been able to get some response from a choir. Although I don't get too much time to teach the members, I receive great satisfaction and relaxation from the occasions when I do.

My Christmas sermon was preached in Cantonese, a new dialect for me. It got the message across, I think. At any rate, the people were very polite about it.

Father John Tu, my Chinese curate, was a great help in everything done here. Father John doesn't talk much but he is very obedient and puts his whole self into his various responsibilities. Though he speaks only Mandarin, his sincerity and goodness have taught much to the people. He has since been assigned elsewhere. I will miss him,

Over a thousand children of the poor attended Father Trube's Christmas party.



and so will the people he helped.

What is Tung Tao like on ordinary days? Our time is taken up with welfare works. From after Mass until late each evening, Chinese come here with their requests. Most are looking for jobs; many seek a subsidy to tide over a home industry, or a gift of food, or rent money, or admission into a hospital. We've been able to help many, but limited funds put a crimp in our ability to relieve all the needs of these people.

We have started many small cooperatives. The big problem is to find customers for the products. Most outlets have been in Hong Kong. Thanks to shrewd manage-

ment, our people receive better wages than others producing the same material. For starting these cooperatives a small amount of capital was sufficient.

Now a fine opportunity has come our way. Whereas we had to find outlets before, a customer this time came to us. The Holy Land Art Co. in New York has offered to buy the vestments, altar linens and other products of this nature that our refugees can produce. Mr. Tonietti had seen an embroidered tablecloth produced by a refugee that I had sent to a friend. Mr. Tonietti perceived the possibilities of putting this skill of our Swatow refugees to work, producing ecclesiastical goods. It is a made to order opportunity because customers are assured from the start. I think we could eventually employ over five hundred refugees in such a venture; and that would mean support for five hundred families, or almost three thousand people. However, the capital required is far beyond our means.

Life here is full and happy. I am deeply grateful for being allowed to be here. It is wonderful to be able to help people who are in dire circumstances through no fault of their own. This Bishop Ford Center serves a large area. The people come to it with their woes and their problems, and their illnesses and accidents; with their desire for truth and for peace of soul; with their children whom they entrust to our mission school.

The Bishop Ford Memorial School has gained an excellent name in the area, and in the Hong Kong



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**Wonder is etched on the faces of these youngsters; their minds have just had a collision with the discovery that someone else cares about their problems.**

Education Department as well. Some time ago a Senior Education Officer visited us after passing through the village. She remarked that the children here were the happiest she had seen in any school.

She compared them with the children of the prosperous, and contrasted them with the haggard and scared children she had seen in the village.

Partly responsible for the spirit of



**The compassion of Christ snuggles up to the hearts of these happy youngsters.**

the children are the beautiful, simple but bright and cheery schoolrooms that Brother Albert constructed. An excellent staff of seventeen teachers, most of whom are Catholics, deserve a lot of credit, too.

Apart from the welfare work, our time is taken up with such things as instruction classes; work with Legion of Mary; a biweekly apologetical forum, in which discussions follow the talk. This forum gathers all the young Chinese who are studying in senior middle schools. Communism and its tactics are exposed and explained by competent speakers. The positive side — our doctrine — is also presented.

I don't get much time to study the language and regret that. But these people have been generous in helping me learn Cantonese by picking up my mistakes and giving me the proper Cantonese tone and accent when I slip back into a Hakka word

or phrase. For about three months I have been preaching a Cantonese sermon as well as a Hakka sermon for Sundays. Father James Smith has generously relieved me of the struggle with a Cantonese sermon on several Sundays.

In two weeks' time, a new addition to the school and the Community Center will be ready for occupancy. The extension includes two bedrooms and a sitting-dining room. It will be a lot more space than we've had before. The addition to the school will enable us to provide some manual instruction for the students.

An important asset to the work here is the help we receive from many friends of Maryknoll in the United States. Thanks to their prayers, the Faith is achieving a promising foothold in Tung Tao. The refugees and I are grateful to you. ■ ■

# VISTA ON TOMORROW

■ ONE OF the first things that struck me as a newcomer to Africa was the ever-present shepherd. He may be a naked little boy, watching over sheep and goats. He may be a well-dressed young man, garbed in shorts and short-sleeved shirt. Or he may be an old man, with a blanket wrapped about him. The shepherd is rarely out of sight for he is the one who guards the family's wealth.

The household that owns no cows or sheep or goats is poor indeed. The young man of that family is direly unfortunate, for he lacks the fifteen or so cows the father of the young lady of his choice will demand from him before she will agree to be his wife.

Housing is no problem in Africa. The man who wants to build a house simply selects a site. He has no headache about a deed, for the land is either a family holding, coming down from his ancestors, or else it is unclaimed. He digs a few holes in a circle about fifteen feet in diameter. In these he places small, freshly cut tree trunks, and interlaces them with a network of sisal cord. The walls are then plastered with mud. Sisal poles, or branches of trees, used as rafters, are similarly laced

**Here is a simple pen picture of how African families live.**

**BY FRANCIS T. MURRAY, M.M.**

together with cord made from sisal fiber. The whole structure is covered with a heavy mat of grass. The house is soon complete and ready for occupancy.

The work takes but a few days, thanks to the helping hands of neighbors and friends. The wife of the owner of the new house cooks a pot



of beer to celebrate the occasion and to express thanks to those who helped. Considering the climate, housing here is quite superior to that which is found in many American cities. There are no tenements.

The other day I was speaking to a woman who had given birth to nineteen children — only two are still on this earth. This is illustrative of

the fact that more than half the babies who see the light of day in Africa, die in infancy. The reasons are many. North Mara, the region I work in, has but two doctors to care for a population of 120,000.

Many babies die for lack of the simplest medical care. Mothers are ignorant of the most elementary rules of hygiene. Babies are put on an adult diet before they are able to assimilate solid food. So far, little effort has been made to educate mothers in proper care of their children. Because the birth rate is high, the population keeps increasing.

The African diet is simple. The staple is a thick porridge, eaten with the fingers — each person scooping a bit from the common bowl. This gruel is prepared from cassava flour, millet, sorghum or corn. The bill of fare also includes a vegetable and sometimes meat or fish, which is served with a sauce. One takes a handful of porridge and dips it in the sauce before conveying it to the mouth. In between, one nibbles on fish or meat or vegetable. The

African does not complain about being undernourished, and in fact is not. The diet though simple is balanced.

An economist who tries to calculate the average income of an African family finds that he has bitten off more than he can chew. Each family grows almost all the food it consumes. Family purchases in the

course of the year are few. A woman may buy a couple of \$2 dresses; a man may buy a few pairs of trousers at the same price. A shirt sets him back a dollar and a half. Plus these, a family buys an occasional blanket, a little kerosene for a primitive lamp, a few cents' worth of soap.

A few natives have quite a bit of money; most have little. The money comes mostly from sporadic work for a wage and the sale of products. Money and family possessions are scarce, by American standards; but one hesitates to say that Africa presents a scene of poverty.

Opportunity for education is scant, but what an improvement over the recent past.

What gladdens me is the great friendliness of the people. They look up to the Padri as a man of superior wisdom; their confidence in him is virtually boundless. They have a great eagerness to become Christians and good ones. Their vista on tomorrow includes the hope that they can some day become full members of God's family. ■ ■

#### YOUR BIRTHDAY GIFT

**To the Christ Child this Christmas can be an offering to train a young American to be a Maryknoll Missioner. Cost: \$500 a year. Perhaps you would like to give a part of that amount.**

# THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

By Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

**The Communists** are not the only enemies of the missioner. His enemies are indeed legion. But there is one little fellow who is particularly insidious and elusive. He starts his work early in the missioner's career, and usually stays with him to the end.

I recall a violent bout with this enemy, shortly after I arrived in Manchuria in 1926. He knocked me flat. When I failed to eat for three days, my Chinese language teacher, gazing at me with his one good eye, was all for ordering the coffin.

I crawled out of bed the fourth day. Did that mean I was out of the woods? Not by a long shot! My enemy had gone into hiding but he would harass me at unexpected times. He would for many years keep me from attaining fighting trim. For all I know, he may be responsible for that exhausted feeling I had last night.

By this time perhaps you have identified the enemy, the amoeba of dysentery. Communism has closed many areas to the missioner. Extreme nationalism has restricted him in others or kept him out entirely. The Church is not free to spread the good news in areas containing over one billion of the earth's population. But possibly of equal gravity with these obstacles to the Faith is the physical illness of the Lord's workers, caused by such

treacherous and relentless enemies as the amoeba.

To give a typical case: Bishop Ford returned to the States for our General Chapter in 1946, with a bad case of spru. Good food soon put flesh on his body. He looked fine, but suddenly lost appetite and weight and did not respond to treatment. Then the Medical Center in New York City discovered our old friend, the amoeba. Without delay, the Bishop picked up; he returned to China and labored until his death at the hands of the Communists.

Some friend may be inspired to help us provide proper facilities to trace down "old John Amoeba" among our Maryknoll victims.

Once again, the lovely season of Christmas approaches. As the father of Maryknoll, at this time of year, I think not only of those within the ranks but of the great body of Maryknoll friends whose prayers, alms, love and affection for our work and our cause make them very dear to us. Our heartfelt gratitude; our assurance that each of you will be in our thoughts and in our prayers at the Altar and at the Crib.





# My First Sick Call

**The bell didn't have a chance;  
the barking dogs saw to that.**

BY JOSEPH S. SMITH, M.M.

■ I HAD just arrived to say Mass in a small mission church in the altiplano region of Bolivia. While I was vesting for Mass, an elderly Indian woman came into the sacristy and asked if I would go to see her son who was dying. She told me he wanted to make his confession.

I inquired as to how ill her son was because I wished to give him the Sacrament of Holy Commun-

ion. If I went immediately, I could not bring Holy Communion because the Blessed Sacrament is not reserved in the small towns, called mission stations. No priest resides in the town where I was saying Mass, so reservation of the Blessed Sacrament in the church is not permitted.

The mother told me that her boy had been sick for five months. I decided that I would say Mass first, and consecrate an extra host for him, and take him Viaticum.

After Mass was over I asked two Indians to carry the lighted candles. Sick calls in this region are solemn affairs — reminiscent of what I've read about Catholic practices in Europe. Carrying the Blessed Sacrament and preceded by two elderly Indians, I started on my first sick call. Outside the church, one of the old men who was carrying the bell, to announce the approach of the Eucharist, began ringing it. That attracted many children. Some of them looked at me in amazement. It was plain to see that these poorly

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instructed lads and lassies did not know exactly what was going on.

Then a lot of dogs appeared from nowhere; their barking gave the acolyte's bell a great deal of competition. I remembered the Psalmist's, "Out of the mouths of infants is perfected praise." I felt sure that the barking dogs manifested praise to Him whom I carried.

As I walked along the dirt street, passers-by knelt in adoration. Men tending their burros, stopped and knelt. Children in great numbers followed, to see where I was going. Some elderly people came out of their homes and joined the procession behind me.

On entering the home of the sick boy, I was struck by the poverty in which he lived. It was an adobe hut — one room served as parlor,

**WHATEVER MARYKNOLL  
has done has been accomplished  
by your support, both spiritual  
and material. We have counted on  
your prayers. We have used your  
money; we have none of our own.  
Thank you for your constant help.**

kitchen, bedroom and living room.

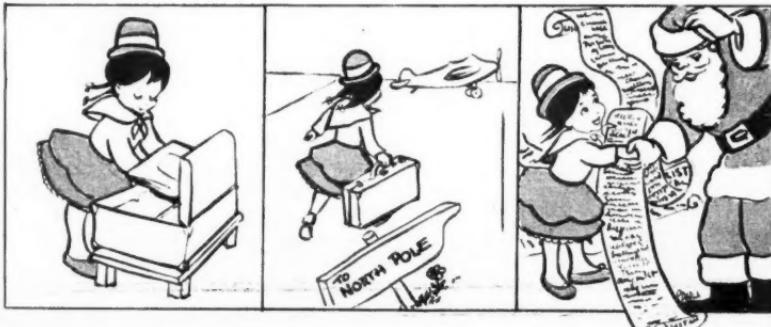
I watched the boy's mother light two candles on either side of a crucifix on a table covered with white linen. I beckoned to the people who had entered the house with me, to leave, so that I could hear the confession of the boy. Afterwards, I invited the people to come back inside, to worship as I gave the boy Holy Communion.

I could tell what the sacraments meant to the boy by the expression of relief in his eyes. The next day he received Extreme Unction and the day after he died.

This was the first time I had a chance to exercise these priestly powers on the missions. These actions bring happiness to the missionary who ministers to the spiritual needs of his people. He gives his flock Christmas the year round. ■■

## INDY ANN TAKES A TRIP

BY PAULI





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**When it's time to receive candy, Father Duchesne's refugee children are ready.**

■ THE MISSIONER's job is not always an easy one. But there is one part that brings him great consolation and pleasure. That is his contacts with children. Maryknollers in Hong Kong, such as Father Paul J. Duchesne, of Cohoes, New York, report with great gusto their contacts. These are bright spots in busy days.

# GETTING TO KNOW THEM

A HONG KONG PHOTO STORY



The small boys and girls of Hong Kong are like youngsters anywhere. Playing on rocks or with a pet, or dressed in Sunday best, they steal into your heart.



■ MANY of the children of Hong Kong are from refugee families who crowded the Colony after fleeing the tyranny of Red China. Others belong to families long settled in the British territory. While many youngsters are deprived of schooling because of a lack of facilities, the missionaries are putting up schools as rapidly as their meager funds allow. But even schoolless children have greater freedom and opportunity than they would have had under the rule of Red masters on the mainland.

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Susie Chan ignores a polite British sign reminding her to keep off the grass. The farm boy (opposite) is on his way from market with empty chicken baskets.



## Opportunities for Christmas Gifts to Help Maryknoll Missions in Formosa

1. Altar canopy . . . . .	\$200
2. Altars (3) each . . . . .	100
3. Large altar crucifix . . . . .	100
4. Communion rail . . . . .	100
5. Vestment case . . . . .	100
6. Benediction vestments . . . . .	85
7. Stations of Cross, set . . . . .	75
8. Confessionals (2) each . . . . .	75
9. Altar candlesticks . . . . .	50
10. Sanctuary lamp . . . . .	\$50
11. Sanctuary bench . . . . .	50
12. Altar platform . . . . .	50
13. Altar missal . . . . .	30
14. Altar cloths, set . . . . .	30
15. Host irons . . . . .	25
16. Vestments, set . . . . .	25
17. Priedieus (4) each . . . . .	25
18. Pews (40) each . . . . .	20
19. Holy water font . . . . .	\$20
20. Benediction censer boat . . . . .	15
21. Altar cards . . . . .	15
22. Altar linens . . . . .	5
23. Mass candles, month . . . . .	1.50
24. Rosaries (10)	1
25. Medals (25)	1
26. Holy pictures (100)	1
27. Prayer Book . . . . .	1
28. Catechisms, each . . . . .	.05

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.**

I enclose \$ \_\_\_\_\_ to provide Number \_\_\_\_\_ as  
a Christmas Gift to Maryknoll Missions in Formosa.

My Name \_\_\_\_\_

My Address \_\_\_\_\_

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# The New Delegate

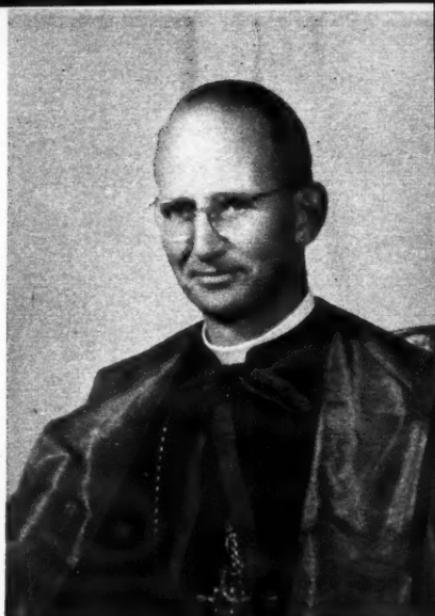
■ BRITISH AFRICA has a new Papal Delegate who is not at all a stranger to Maryknoll. He is His Excellency John Knox, Titular Archbishop of Melitene.

The Delegate was born in 1914, at Bayswater, a suburb of Perth, in Australia. After his studies in Rome he was appointed to the staff of the Holy Father's Secretariate of State at the Vatican.

During the Holy Year of 1950, the young Monsignor was appointed Secretary to the Apostolic Inter-Nunciature in Tokyo. There he endeared himself to the Maryknollers working in Japan who had business with Archbishop de Furstenberg, the Inter-Nuncio. He quickly grew to love the Japanese people and would willingly have devoted the rest of his life to furthering the interests of the Church in Japan.

In 1953, however, Monsignor Knox was appointed Apostolic Delegate to British East and West Africa, in succession to Archbishop David Matthew. For that exalted and responsible office, he seems admirably fitted.

In his new post, Archbishop Knox represents the Holy See for the Catholic Church among forty per cent of all the inhabitants of Africa. In East Africa, where Maryknoll



Archbishop John Knox

possesses the two territories of Musoma and Maswa in Tanganyika, His Excellency speaks for the Church among 42,000,000 people. His responsibilities in West Africa touch 38,000,000 inhabitants.

Among all those people, there has been a rich harvest of souls. When His Excellency assumed his post, Catholics in British Africa totaled almost 5,000,000. To be precise — baptized Catholics were 4,837,747, while 822,895 catechumens were under instruction. Missionary priests, Brothers, and Sisters totaled 5,600. African priests numbered 480, and African Sisters were 1,915. Lay catechists exceeded 20,000.

A special characteristic of British Africa is the strong development of Government-aid Catholic schools. There are over 1,500,000 children in those schools, taught by more than 32,000 Catholic teachers. ■ ■



# TRIBE ON THE MARCH

**Dash and verve make the Luos  
East Africa's coming people.**

**BY DANIEL D. ZWACK, M.M.**

■ IN THE prefecture of Musoma in Tanganyika, where we Maryknoll Fathers work, the Luo tribe is in a fair way of simplifying our work for us. There is in this district such a hodgepodge of tribes, each with its own peculiar language and customs, that it is difficult for us to have any degree of mobility of action and

uniformity of policy. If a missionary falls sick, we are generally at wits' end to know how to cover for him, as the pastor or curate in the next mission may not know the language of the neighboring tribe. And it would be a lucky tribe that had two missions to itself; so lucky, in fact, as to be nonexistent — except for the Luos.

Except for the Luos! They are an exceptional people. The other tribes in Musoma district are of the great Central-African Bantu family; the Luos are Nilotic. The Bantu tongues are as related as, say, French and Spanish. The Luo language is as



The Luos love music. When Father Denis E. O'Brien, of Texas, sounds his bagpipes, he can be sure of a large and appreciative audience.

different from Bantu as Greek is from English. Both are African languages, to be sure, expressing African mentality, as Greek and English both express European mentality. The Bantu peoples are conservative and reserved; the Luos are progressive and bold. The Bantu peoples generally have round faces and dark-brown skin; the Luos have thin, European-type faces and blue-black skin. Bantus drape their bodies in cloth; Luos wear European clothing. The Bantus are *mwa*, foreigners; the Luos are *ji*, people.

An important characteristic of the Luos is their eagerness, every-

where and always, to become Christians. That is not to say that they are always good Christians; but for first-generation converts from an old, old paganism, they are not too bad. And in the older missions of Kenya where the Luo are of older Christian stock, many of them are outstanding.

TO SIMPLIFY things for the Church, the Bantus, who are far more numerous in Musoma Prefecture than the Luos, are static. It is possible, for instance, that you haven't heard of the Bajita or of the Bashashi, or of the "Ba this and the Ba that." But everyone in East Africa knows about the Luos. They are on the march. They started marching some three hundred years ago.

According to whatever Luo memory there is on the subject, and according to the best findings of modern scholars, the Luos are born pioneers and settlers. From their uncertain beginnings along the upper reaches of the Nile River, until today, they have been continually on the move. From the northern countries, they overflowed in several directions. Streams of them flowed south and west into Uganda, where today one meets such groups as the Aluor, the Lan'o, and the Acholi, all closely related in language and custom to our own Luos. But the main flood of them spilled down into Kenya, covering a broad belt of country along the eastern shore of Lake Victoria.

Fierce fighters the Luos were in those days. They used spears and carried great, cowhide shields, tough enough to stop an enemy's



The British call the Luos "the Americans of East Africa." These catechumens of our Masonga mission are on their way to serenade the pastor, Father John Schiff, singing, "Here's our man with a collar on his neck."

arrows or to turn aside even a spear. They moved about in large numbers taking their families, livestock and household furniture along with them. They had no thought of retreat; they knew there was no chance for a second battle if the first one went badly. They were the terror of East Africa.

When Luos defeated a tribe whose lands lay in their line of advance, they simply killed all the men who had any will to resist. Any others, together with the women and children, joined the victors. The new joiners were closely watched. But for the most part there wasn't any trouble with them: they became members of the caravan, and its lot was theirs; besides, there was nothing left for them to go back to. They invariably finished by marrying Luo girls, and their children were proper Luos.

The Luos have always absorbed their enemies and neighbors with the greatest facility and democratic spirit. They don't bother about a man's former connections: here and now he speaks Dholuo — and his six lower front teeth are removed. The real Luos ask no more. And with only the weakest right to call himself a Luo, many an African in these parts confidently and proudly presents himself as one.

The Luos consider Kenya their home country — *Kenyawa*, our Kenya, they often call it. But the Luo part of Kenya has become

crowded, according to their way of thinking. So the migration continues. They had already taken over a sizable corner of Tanganyika where it lies next to Kenya, by the time the white people first came. They had taken it in the old way — that is, with spears — and were in a mood to keep conquering; but the Germans, in old German East Africa, effectively discouraged violence.

As any missioner who worked among Luos could have predicted, the Luos are still getting their own way though by more peaceful means. They expand into the unoccupied bush areas, making them their own country. They arrange marriages with the neighboring Bantu peoples. And what language do you suppose the children of such unions speak? Luo, of course. They steal their neighbors' cattle, unless their neighbors are clever enough to reverse the situation. They cast spells on water holes, so that sometimes the original owners of the surrounding land withdraw in fear. The Luo shepherd boys are left to do the mopping-up by making the other lads learn the Luo language. And oddly enough, the whole process is taken in stride by all concerned, and no one feels hurt at the outcome.

From that beachhead in Tanganyika, the Luos are spreading throughout the Lake Province. And not from North Mara only, but

### DEADLINE

**That Tax Man may not be Santa Claus, but he permits deductions of 20% for contributions to Maryknoll and other charities when you make out your Federal Income Tax forms. Deadline: December 31.**

from Kenya itself, they are pouring down into Tanganyika by land and sea. Vast, sparsely populated Tanganyika seems close and promising to them, in their crowded and troubled Kenya. Each week's steamer on Lake Victoria brings a load of Luos; other groups come by land, or even by canoe. It seems that every Luo in Kenya has a brother in Nyang'ombe or Zanaki or Ushashi, writing back to tell him, "Come on in — the water's fine!" And so they come down, each family cutting a farm out of the bush country, or just starting to work as much as they need of the open plain.

Moving isn't too big a problem. They sell their livestock in Kenya and bring down what they can carry — clothes, a few cooking pots, little four-legged stools, some brightly colored woven mats to sleep on. For a year the newcomers may be pretty hungry until their crops come through, but they take hunger as an almost normal thing. Before long they have a few round houses up — little mud-and-wattle structures with grass roofs. There's a corral of the twistiest trees you can imagine, stuck in the ground one beside the other, for the newly obtained cows. Sheep and goats live with the family, or they have their own little house. There's a thorn *boma*, or else the beginning of a hedge around the whole village. Cassava and sorghum, sweet potatoes and millet, are planted, and maybe a cash crop of cotton deep in the black or red loam. The newcomers are set for life!

SOMETIMES the newly arrived Luos find themselves squatting in an area

not yet opened to settlement. But they stay until the *Bwana* tells them they must move. Then they say: "*Ndiyo Bwana*, but our crops are planted. Give us time to harvest them and then we'll be off." The *Bwana*, knowing that a planted crop is a big asset in a drought-ridden land, agrees. But cassava matures slowly, often waiting two years or more. Besides, who can say how many new stalks were planted, as the old ones were dug up? Then the Luo writes to his brother Onyango, who is still up in Kenya, "Come on — the water's fine!"

THERE IS another form of Luo migration, more extensive than that of the settlers, but perhaps not so permanent. Almost every Luo young man goes off to work, maybe for a few years, maybe for life. They work on the European farms in Kenya, the tea estates, and the sisal plantations. Luos have a practical monopoly on the East African railroad and harbor systems. They are the policemen everywhere; the fishermen all along the lake shore; the skilled building tradesmen wherever anything is going up; the hewers of wood and drawers of water where better jobs are lacking.

They work for the Europeans and Indians, and for themselves in their own enterprises. They teach in the schools, run the Singer sewing machines, and have taken over the mining camps. They have been seen in jails. They make the big earthen jars that everyone uses for water, and they construct automobile-tire sandals. They brew the wicked native brandy that poisons people;

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Father Schiff provides harmonica accompaniment for his Luo school children.

and they become members of our Legion of Mary.

Luos are everywhere, speaking faulty Kiswahili when they are with outsiders, and Dholuo at home and among themselves. Many another African (and many a non-African Padri) has faced up to the situation and learned enough Dholuo to get along. So in centers like Nairobi and Nakuru and Kericho, and even down at the far end of the Lake where are the diamond mines, the Luos succeed in getting doctrinal classes in their own tongue, whereas all other tribes must use Kiswahili or the local language.

The Mau Mau troubles have only increased Luo influence. Where Kikuyus formerly worked, there are now Luos; and in the great city of Nairobi, they are estimated at a

third of the African community. Most Luo workers, there and elsewhere, plan to return to their home country after they have earned enough. But they are replaced.

We in Musoma are in the path of the Luo advance. One can well imagine them absorbing all the lesser tribes in their path, moving ever south and east into the open plains, until they come up against the great Wasikuma tribe, moving north.

How the migrations will affect the kingdom of Christ in East Africa, is hard to predict. But at present, while the Luos are eager for Catholicism, the picture looks good.

In our Musoma Prefecture, we have two established Luo missions. One is at Kowak, and the other at Masonga. These missions are set up with churches, schools, and cate-



Luo girl: she lacks six front teeth.

chumenates. Of more immediate concern, however, is the vast army of Luos who have spread southward.

Monsignor Gerard Grondin, Musoma Superior, has taken steps to meet this movement by giving special care to the thousands in the vanguard of the Luo migration. Safaris are the mission method: safaris out to the mud-and-wattle bush schools of Christian doctrine, where native teachers assemble the Christians for prayers and the many catechumens for instruction. The priest may visit a single school on a safari, or he may visit four schools.

As he nears the school, a crowd comes out to meet him. They dance and sing on the way. Their songs are not hymns, but funny songs they learned at the missions in Kenya. Usually the words tease the priest: "Oh, the Father, the long-necked

giraffe!" or "Here's our man, the one with a collar on his neck!"

Their songs are impromptu, drawn from their own experience. Luos are wonderful mimics.

After greeting the Luos in general and in particular, and asking for their health and the news of their village, the priest talks to the whole group. They assemble in the school, and crowd the doors and windows. There's a short talk of instruction and exhortation, and then the priest gets down to individual cases.

Generally there's a man who presents himself as a finished cook, to boil the guest's potatoes and cabbage, and often enough to produce a chicken from somewhere — cooked as nicely as anyone could wish. After supper everyone comes in to visit.

There are more confessions in the morning before the Mass, which must be said late enough to catch the natives who walk in from afar. At Mass there is another instruction. Communion is given to those who are in good standing. No Luo misses a chance to receive the sacraments if he is in any condition to receive them. After Mass more individual cases are attended to, until everyone has had his or her chance.

That's the program at ten stations in the new Luo lands. It's too bad the Maryknoll Fathers who staff missions among the Luos don't grow on trees. We could use a good crop of them! The important fact is that this big tribe is friendly to Christianity. We're trying to get in on the ground floor. There are various reactions to the Luos' coming. Our reaction is that we like it. ■■



A Luo funeral dance is a colorful sight. The Luos have few ties with the past. They have adopted Western ways and dress in European style.



# MARYKNOLL COLOR TREASURES

By popular request we are issuing 35mm color slides (2"x2" mounts), of the best color transparencies that have appeared in this magazine, as well as many outstanding color photographs not yet published. These slides are ones that you will treasure and show often. Prices: 1 to 19 slides, 50c each; 20 to 49 slides, 40c each; 50 or more, three for \$1. Additional subjects are now in preparation. Write to us for inclusion on our free mailing list. Here are a few of the first subjects being offered.

## TOP OF THE WORLD — INDIAN ALTIPLANO OF PERU-BOLIVIA

### General

- I 1 Colonial ruins, Juli, Peru
- I 2 Colonial church, Puno, Peru
- I 3 Llamas
- I 4 Indians above La Paz
- I 5 Snow covered Andes
- I 6 Rugged peaks above snow line

### Machu Picchu

- I 19 General panorama
- I 20 The surrounding mountains
- I 21 Looking up the terrace
- I 22 Ruins of houses
- I 23 Inca wall
- I 24 Along the plaza
- I 25 Pass into Machu Picchu
- I 26 Through an Inca window
- I 27 General view

### Fiesta Time

- I 27 Ichu procession
- I 28 Masked men, Ichu
- I 29 Indian orchestra, Ichu
- I 30 Lampshade hats, Ichu
- I 31 Intricate costumes, Ichu
- I 32 Ichu Fiesta
- I 33 Whirling skirts
- I 34 Padre in Scarlet, Ichu

### Inca-land

- I 16 Chulpas near Puno
- I 17 Inca fortification
- I 18 Stonework at Sacsahuaman

### Market

- I 13 Indian market, La Paz
- I 14 Curbside market, La Paz
- I 15 Cochabamba market

Subjects from all parts of the world. Write for free list to order by number.

USE COUPON NEXT PAGE →

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**OF MARYKNOLL** A book that will make you richer and more willing to share of your own life. Beautifully illustrated. \$3.50

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#323 Mother of Pearl	\$7.00

### FOR CHILDREN

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### FOR MEN

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#311A Black with sterling	\$3.90
#312 Boy's black	\$1.10

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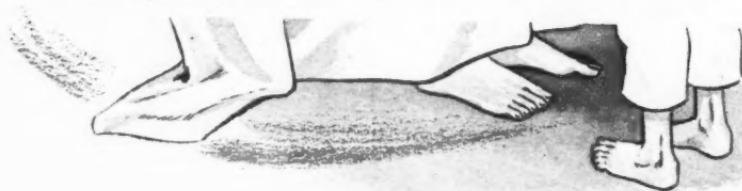
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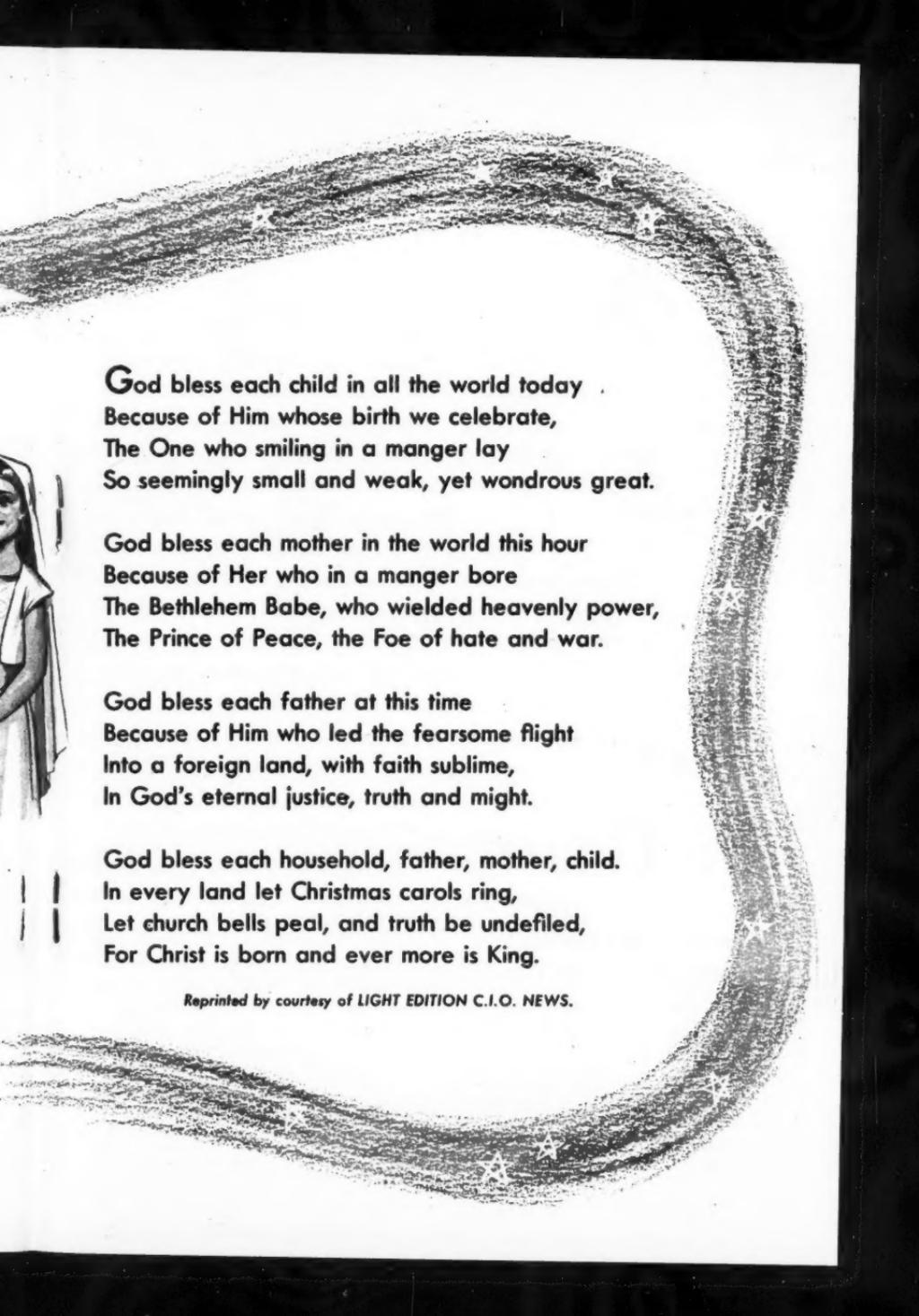
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# A CHRISTMAS BENEDICTION

BY CLARENCE HAWKES





**G**od bless each child in all the world today  
Because of Him whose birth we celebrate,  
The One who smiling in a manger lay  
So seemingly small and weak, yet wondrous great.

God bless each mother in the world this hour  
Because of Her who in a manger bore  
The Bethlehem Babe, who wielded heavenly power,  
The Prince of Peace, the Foe of hate and war.

God bless each father at this time  
Because of Him who led the fearsome flight  
Into a foreign land, with faith sublime,  
In God's eternal justice, truth and might.

God bless each household, father, mother, child.  
In every land let Christmas carols ring,  
Let church bells peal, and truth be undefiled,  
For Christ is born and ever more is King.

*Reprinted by courtesy of LIGHT EDITION C.I.O. NEWS.*



Mama's bedtime story helps the children forget they didn't have any supper.

# Meet the T'aams

BY PAUL J. DUCHESNE, M.M.

■ THE T'AAM FAMILY occupies a tiny room on Shanghai Street, here in Hong Kong. The room is so small that all eight members are not able to stretch out on the floor at one time. The older children wait for the people in the neighboring cubicles to go to sleep; then they stretch

out their bedding in the corridor.

The father of the family died three years ago. Mrs. T'aam supports the family by selling fruit and vegetables. She came originally from Kukong but has lived in Hong Kong since she was eighteen years of age. She arrived in Hong Kong three days after her marriage.

Mrs. T'aam says: "If we have a meal a day, we are satisfied. Sometimes there is no rice to cook for the children in the evening so they have to go to bed hungry. At first they whimper; I talk to them and try to distract them so they'll forget their hunger. I tell a story and that usually puts them to sleep."

What a job the sandman has when he comes to the T'aams. ■ ■

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## No Room In The Inn

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., New York

Dear Maryknoll Fathers:

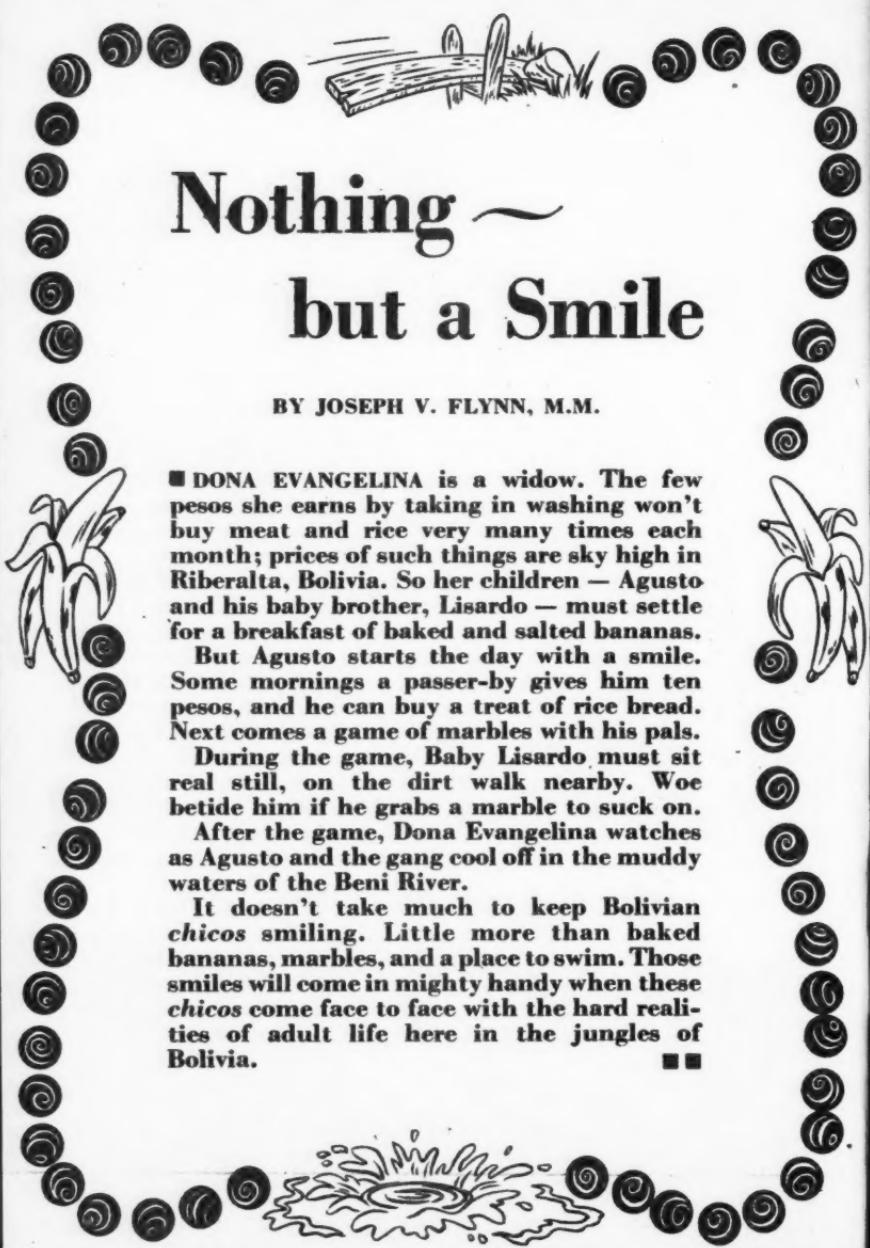
I understand Maryknoll Seminary has no permanent chapel.

- I enclose \$..... for the chapel.
- I shall send you \$..... each month for the chapel. Please send me a monthly reminder.

My Name.....

My Address.....

C



# Nothing ~ but a Smile

BY JOSEPH V. FLYNN, M.M.

■ DONA EVANGELINA is a widow. The few pesos she earns by taking in washing won't buy meat and rice very many times each month; prices of such things are sky high in Riberalta, Bolivia. So her children — Agusto and his baby brother, Lisardo — must settle for a breakfast of baked and salted bananas.

But Agusto starts the day with a smile. Some mornings a passer-by gives him ten pesos, and he can buy a treat of rice bread. Next comes a game of marbles with his pals.

During the game, Baby Lisardo must sit real still, on the dirt walk nearby. Woe betide him if he grabs a marble to suck on.

After the game, Dona Evangelina watches as Agusto and the gang cool off in the muddy waters of the Beni River.

It doesn't take much to keep Bolivian *chicos* smiling. Little more than baked bananas, marbles, and a place to swim. Those smiles will come in mighty handy when these *chicos* come face to face with the hard realities of adult life here in the jungles of Bolivia. ■ ■

# HANDS OF MERCY



In that astounding place, the Maryknoll Sisters' Clinic at Pusan, Korea, John Kang is making a cast for a child victim of tuberculosis of the spine. Mama watches as her boy is imprisoned in plaster for a year. Last year, John, under the Sisters' direction, made 1,050 casts for tubercular children. Some 2,000 ailing Koreans came daily; over 2,900 asked for baptism.





Sister Herman Joseph gathers slum children in the clinic garden for a song fest. "It's better tonic for the dears than our pills," she says.

ITEM



## *Mass poverty*

EXAMPLE (left) A shop-  
keeper drags to  
the police a boy  
who has just  
stolen food from him.

REMEDY: Keep the children from starv-  
ing! This boy (right) can't wait  
for his soup till he gets out  
the gate.





ITEM:



## Mass disease

EXAMPLE (left) Literally  
tens of thousands  
like this man  
need injections,  
pills, etc.

REMEDY: Get to the tens of thousands with mobile clinics, like this gift of N.C.W.C. War Relief Services.





ITEM:



Mass First Aid

EXAMPLE This child  
was badly burnt

by a flash grass  
fire near his  
hut.

REMEDY: Multiply staff, medicines, the  
24-hour devotion of these  
servants of millions in pain.



ITEM:



*Mass wretchedness*

EXAMPLE *Endless lines of  
dismal misery  
come daily to  
the Sister doctors.*

REMEDY: Treatment and more treatment, including used clothes that bring hope and a smile to forlorn old grannies (right)



# What ONE Priest Can Do!

FATHER JOHN MURRETT, A MARYKNOLLER FROM BUFFALO, N. Y., IS PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF KYOTO, JAPAN.



FATHER MURRETT, A POPULAR PIANO PLAYER, IS IN GREAT DEMAND. HE HAS CONVERTED MANY JAPANESE STUDENTS—SOME OF WHOM ARE STUDYING NOW TO BE PRIESTS.

POOR JAPANESE STUDENTS NEEDED A DORMITORY, SO FATHER MURRETT SHARED HIS LODGINGS WITH THEM. THE NUMBER GREW. HE ERECTED A DORMITORY FOR 30 STUDENTS.

## MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK

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# OH, BOY!

A tragedy on Lake Biwa  
uncovers a new hope.

BY GEORGE J.  
HIRSCHBOECK, M.M.

■ OH, BOY! is an expression used by most people as a cry of delight or surprise, but Father Daniel J. Sherman, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, has given it an apostolic twist.

From the very beginning of his mission career, Father Sherman's lot has been cast with teen-age boys. Before the advent of the Communists in China, Father was a professor at the Junior Seminary in Kung-moon. Exiled from the mainland in 1951, he was assigned to St. John's English School in Hong Kong where he befriended teacher and pupil alike.

There his motto, "You have to win a friend before you can make a convert," paid off in several conversions among teachers and pupils.

Coming to Japan in 1952, he put in a year of language study, and was assigned to the rural mission of Sakamoto. This town lies at the foot of the "Vatican" of Buddhism in Japan, Mount Hiei. Because of its historic connection with Buddhism, conversions have been par-

ticularly difficult in this area. Father Clement Boesflug founded a country chapel in Sakamoto in 1948. He was followed as pastor by Father Bernard Hesler, of Schenectady, N. Y. Their work necessarily consisted in breaking down prejudice.

Father Sherman, the present curate, cashed in on his experience with young people in China, and launched a program to attract the teen-age boys of Sakamoto. With the aid of Sebastian Nagashima, the catechist in Sakamoto, the youth of the village were invited, personally and by poster, to attend a gathering at the church, for the purpose of founding a Boys' Club. People who knew the difficulties of the Sakamoto mission crossed their fingers at this new venture. However, much to everyone's surprise and delight, twenty boys appeared for the first meeting. The original pioneers, finding that the Church was their friend, soon brought their friends. Each week a few more members came. Now sixty boys belong.

The secret of the club's success lies in the realization that all work and no play makes Jiro a dull boy. Father Sherman has used a skillful combination of recreation and catechetics. Nagashima San explains a point of Christian doctrine in story form, using slides and posters to illustrate his story. The recreation consists in community singing, group games and movies.

Recently tragedy took a hand in knitting this club into an intimate family circle. The day after Christmas, two members of the club went for a boat ride on Lake Biwa. Becoming panic-stricken at the strong wind and high waves that suddenly came upon them, they decided to abandon their small boat and swim to shore. Only one boy made it. The other died in the icy water, despite the fact that another life was sacrificed in a vain rescue attempt: A catechumen, watching the two boys struggling toward shore, jumped into the water to save the drowning boy. He died in the attempt.

The villagers felt great sympathy toward the mission, which had sacrificed a life for a local boy. Without any prompting on the part of the priests, the members of the Boys' Club took up a collection to help defray the expenses of the funerals. The boys are now gathering money from their families to erect a monument to commemorate the tragedy.

The aftermath of this sad event augurs well for the future of the Sakamoto mission. Japan is a land where children are especially loved. It's certain that when you have won the children, it won't be long before you'll win the parents. ■■

DECEMBER, 1954



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Honor to Our Lady



Bishop Lane offers Mass in a remote outstation deep in a mahogany jungle.

## BACKWOODS MIDDLE AMERICA

■ FOR MOST people in the United States, Middle America is largely an unknown land. A few areas are known to tourists, but since much of the region is poor in roads and transportation, the travelers are mainly businessmen and missionaries.

The natives of Middle America live out their lives quietly. Few of them have a priest. To aid these, Maryknollers are found in three Middle American lands.

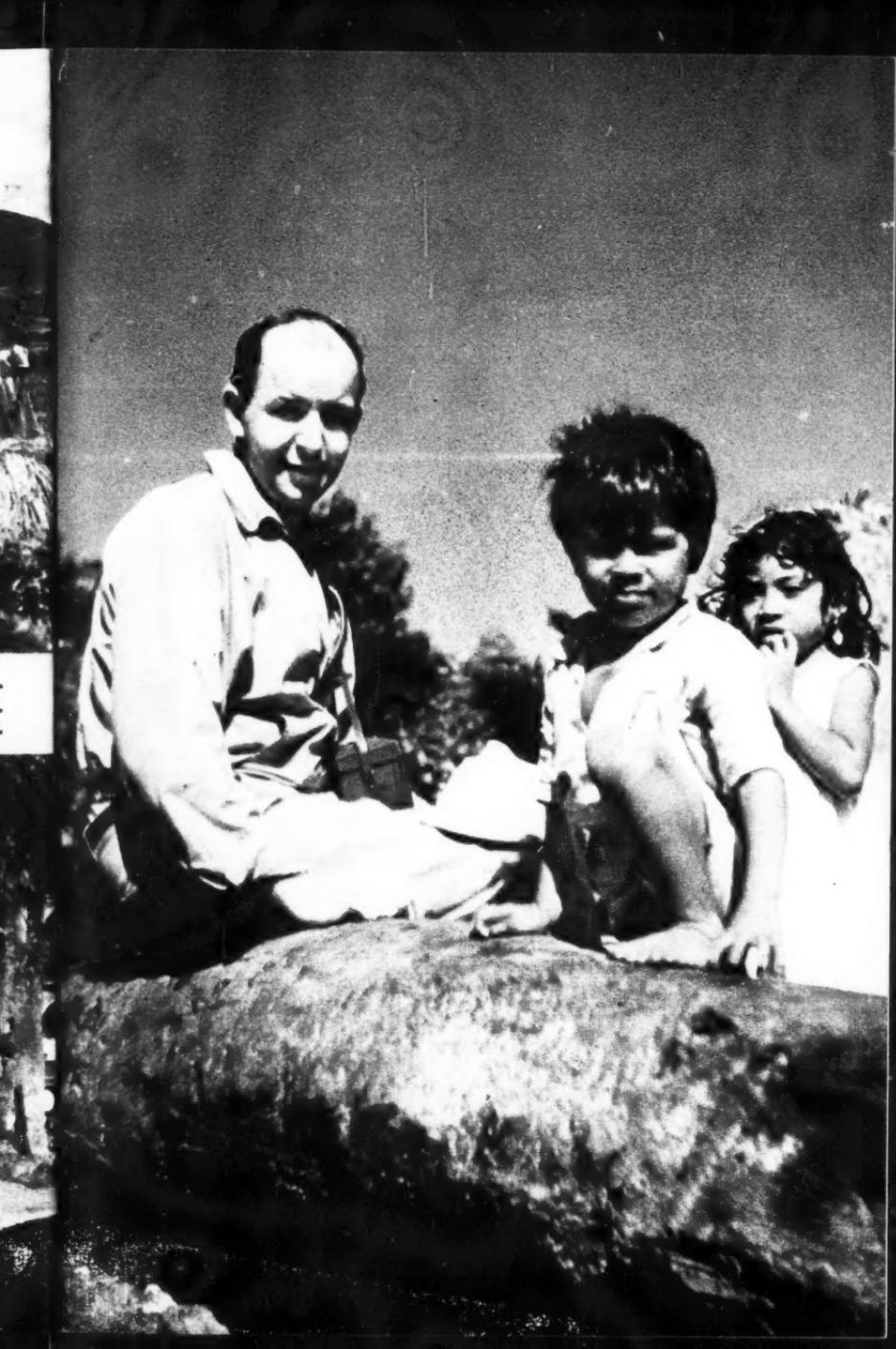
DECEMBER, 1954





Some areas of Middle America are open farmland (above). Near these regions one finds the towns (below) with the ever-present street merchants. Father Roman A. Kasprzak, of Milwaukee (right), chats with Maya friends.







The shawl, the water jar, and the colonial church steeple are familiar sights of Middle America. So, too, is (right) bringing in the catch.



**EDITORIAL:**

## Home for Christmas

■ THE TIME for reinforcing the seat of the trousers with the big, flat geography, putting acrobatic crickets in the teacher's desk and Limburger cheese on the radiator, counting the days to Christmas and hoping the schoolhouse will burn down, is usually well over when a young man at length opens his eyes to find, to his grateful amazement, that he has been singled out for the superlative gift of a vocation to the priesthood. To bring him into the very shadow of the altar, into the intimate recesses of his Father's house, where he is confronted with the bewildering riches of Thabor and Calvary, is no way to make a man particularly homesick. Home is where the heart is; and where the treasure is, there is the heart and the home.

The cofounders of Maryknoll — particularly the one called upon to inaugurate the shape of things to come as the first Superior General, Bishop James Anthony Walsh — set out from the beginning, to organize a family and make a home. The home-and-family formula was quite deliberate on the part of the two co-

founders. They were providing for those who were to leave both family and country behind them in the natural course of events. The members themselves, once they had swarmed into the place, became at home in it on sight; seized on everything pertaining to it with avidity; and clung to it and to each other naturally and instinctively. They did not leave their mentors a great deal of choice in the matter. Finally, if the whole truth is to be stated -- God wanted it that way.

THE FOUNDERS certainly entertained some very distinct notions relative to the family that grew up under their eyes. Their family was to be recognized simply for what it was: only one among many; a very young, untried one; certainly no better than any other, and probably not as good as most.

At the same time, the same family was an extremely good one in itself. What other sort indeed would ever assemble under such palpably providential guidance? Therefore, all the family's acquisitions must be



### This Month's Cover

Joseph Little's painting on our cover reminds us of the night long ago when the cries, the deep desires of all the families of all ages mounted together and reached heaven in a mighty chorus. The cry was heard, and a Maiden Mother wrapped her Son in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger; with Him there in the manger were all the hopes of all the families of the world.

prizes of the very first water; every goose was a swan, no matter how well disguised. And each one would likely bring some great credit on the family that formed him—would be a man among thousands—might even astonish mankind with his virtues and exploits, like another Theophane Venard or Peter Claver. All would fill useful niches somewhere, somehow, in advancing the cause of God. Is there a familiar ring about these ideas? Yes—the founders were fathers; forming wishes, seeing visions, indulging hopes and praying for their sons.

THE FAMILY had many helpers as time transpired; their name was and is legion. There was much more actual truth than mere poetry in the founders' belief that the steady supply of vocations and means, generously forthcoming as it was, represented a palpable miracle of Divine Providence. The miracle of God's bounty, together with everybody else's, has gone on becoming more palpable and visible ever since. As a family grows big, it may grow wise; those who believe in it enough to assist in its growth, bring to it lessons in gratitude and responsibility, which are sobering and precious. All that co-operation from those who love God is almost like a message from the skies, spurring every Maryknoller on.

CHARITY came into the world when the goodness and kindness of God our Saviour appeared in Bethlehem. Charity reinforces every tie, bears all burdens, bridges all dis-

# Maryknoll

## The Field Afar

Catholic Foreign Mission  
Society of America

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL  
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

tances. When Christmas comes to Maryknoll, it is much the same as in other families. It's true, the gracious time finds her big family, not together nor even within call, but dispersed to the four winds of heaven. Most of it is domiciled here and there around the globe now—where it belongs and whither she dispatched it.

Maryknoll's best Christmas gift comes in the knowledge that her sons are spreading the "tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people." The family, though scattered on God's errands, is home for Christmas.

—Bishop James E. Walsh



# THE STRUGGLE AGAINST HUNGER

BY POPE PIUS XII

All the problems of the human family beat a path to the door of the Holy Father. His concern is for all people everywhere.

■ FOR SEVERAL years we have followed the activities of the United Nations Food and Agricultural Organization with lively interest. We are therefore happy to welcome you, gentlemen, during your session.

It is a fact, in spite of recent improvements, that the problem of food remains a crucial one for a large part of mankind. As you state in your reports, the present situation of the world from an agricultural point of view is characterized by a marked imbalance between the developed areas and countries which are still insufficiently developed. In the first case production is increas-

ing rapidly, the level of consumption is rising again and exports are mounting; in the other — particularly in the Far East — production remains inadequate, food insufficient and imports limited. The possibility of famine, with its frightful consequences, unceasingly haunts millions of men, a period of drought being enough to bring about that terrible calamity. Moreover, it is necessary to take account of the continuous growth of the population, which demands, at the risk of making the evil worse, a parallel increase in the goods to be consumed.

Your organization has given itself

*An address delivered by His Holiness Pope Pius XII on December 6, 1953, to the delegates attending the 7th session of the UN Food and Agriculture Organization.*

the task of meeting this difficult situation and of engaging in a decisive world-wide struggle to abolish suffering and the dangers which even today still threaten so many unfortunate people. What courage is necessary to dare to envisage tranquilly an undertaking which can be described without exaggeration as gigantic and to devote oneself to it enthusiastically when it seems to become larger and more complicated the more one works at it. But, animated with indefatigable zeal, you have already succeeded in providing an indispensable basis for your work by obtaining the necessary information on the agricultural production and marketing conditions of the different countries. In many cases, in order to get precise information, you had to train experts and teach them modern statistical methods. Thus you have collected materials which will be of great service to economists.

The essential part of your work consists of acting effectively in the field of agriculture and also of exploiting the fishing and forestry industries.

You will undoubtedly be preoccupied with directing toward underfed peoples, who make up 70 percent of the world's population, the surplus production of the more favored nations, thereby assuring the latter of stable markets. But it is much more urgent to provide for increased production in the very places where scarcity makes itself felt. In order to do this you desire first to reduce the often considerable losses due to the inexperience of farmers and to epidemics.

Then you want to increase production through improvement of cultivation methods, the use of fertilizer and the selection of plant species. Finally you look forward to putting into use lands that are still uncultivated, especially by means of irrigation.

In all this the phases of achievement are necessarily preceded by inquiries and detailed studies designed to weigh the possibilities of improvement and to prevent the consequences of serious error. Let Us also mention as a significant example of the cultural aspects of your work the plan put into effect to raise paper production which the United Nations Economic and Social Council has entrusted to you.

This plan, so broad and varied, unquestionably raises uncommon problems. The most delicate perhaps, as you have clearly seen, will consist of creating social conditions in which the workers to whom you are going to give aid and advice will develop a taste for their work, interest themselves in it and exploit to the maximum the resources procured for them. In fact, it is useless to send out experts to teach new methods and improve mechanical equipment when the human conditions in which a man lives keeps him from drawing from his efforts the profits he has a right to expect.

To stimulate interest and personal initiative, to show that the good of the community will not be achieved at the expense of the welfare of individuals, but to their profit, and to see to it that this is really the case are certainly elements of primary importance for your success.

Thus to your economic task is added a no less decisive social one, whose value We should like to emphasize. That is why, eager to show you Our support and to collaborate with you in your undertaking, We were happy recently to make Our contribution to the program of extending technical assistance to various countries, especially in the poorest regions.

Despite the still limited means of your organization, you have not been afraid to interest in it all peoples who are eager not only to improve themselves and obtain economic advantages, but also to help the less fortunate. Action of this sort, as We remarked in a speech given under similar circumstances on February 21, 1948, obliges nations to consider themselves both the beneficiaries and the benefactors of one another.

The civilized world always looks with great sadness at the pitiful picture of hunger victims at a time when the earth is capable of feeding all men. To abolish such an evil once and for all is certainly worth sacrifices and justifies great devotion. Was not Christ careful to

satisfy the hunger of the crowds which followed Him? Did He not teach His disciples a prayer that asks for daily bread? In pursuing the goal which you have set for yourselves you are undoubtedly seeking an end dear to Him who consecrated Himself to the salvation of humanity. That is why We want you to go on with your work without faltering. It is without question only at its beginning, but you have already learned a great deal from experience.

The tools with which you work are being improved and your prestige is increasing among governments who appreciate more and more the usefulness and the fruits of your activities. If the final goal is not yet in sight, you can at least hope that a greater understanding and a more active cooperation will come to reinforce and multiply the results already obtained and to guarantee more rapid progress in the future.

We desire this for you with all Our heart and ask for you, your families and all who share your work the most abundant blessings of heaven. ■■



### PANGS OF CONSCIENCE

"The honesty of an escaped prisoner has amazed the Bakuria tribe in Tarime, Africa," reports Father Edward H. James. "The man, wearing ankle chains, escaped from the local jail through a hole he had cut

in the aluminum roof. While the police were searching for him, however, the prisoner suffered from pangs of conscience. Under cover of darkness he returned to the jail and placed his chains on the door of a cell. Then, relieved because he had restored the Government's property, he again disappeared into the night."



**NEVER  
BEFORE**

have these Korean  
refugee tots known a  
Christmas. They listen  
wide-eyed to the story of  
God's great Gift to man,  
the Christ Child.

**THOUSANDS more have never heard the story. Will they  
hear it this year through YOU?**

**YOUR help at this time enables us to bring the Giver of gifts  
Himself to children — men and women, too — in Asia, Africa,  
South and Middle America, and the U.S.**

---

**MY GIFT TO THE CHRIST CHILD!**

**MARYKNOLL SISTERS, Maryknoll, N. Y.**

Dear Maryknoll Sisters,

I enclose \$..... to help you bring the Giver of gifts to children,  
men and women in your world-wide missions.

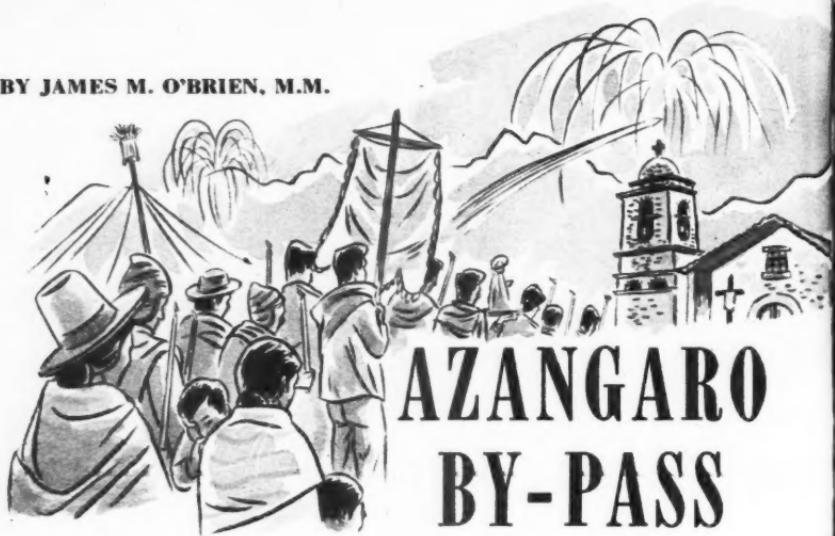
While I can, I shall send \$..... a month for the same purpose. Please  
send me a monthly reminder.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

BY JAMES M. O'BRIEN, M.M.



## AZANGARO BY-PASS

The Peruvians make their own Christmas star with skyrockets.

■ THE PATRON of the Christmas fiesta in Azangaro, Peru, pulls out all the stops in proving that he is a good Catholic. To qualify as a patron one must own a large house, capable of accommodating eighty guests. Each guest is sent a formal, printed invitation. At four in the afternoon on Christmas Eve, the patron and his guests sit down before a heavily laden table.

The patron has spent the better part of a year preparing for this "lunch." He has fattened choice sheep, cows, pigs, rabbits and chickens. His cellar has been well stocked with beer, *pisco*, wine and many other liquors. The lunch he provides is a six-course affair, consisting mainly of a great variety of meat dishes. The fact that Christmas Eve is a day of abstinence

doesn't bother the patron or his guests in the least.

Luncheon music is provided by a name orchestra from Arequipa — 36 hours away by train. An important feature of the festivities are the fireworks shot off by Indians outside. A fiesta isn't a fiesta without skyrockets set off to announce the start of the celebration.

In front of the patron's house, another sort of fiesta is going full tilt. A local band is entertaining the crowds who were not invited to the patron's party. Indian officials, with whips in their hands, make sure that no uninvited guests enter the patron's house.

When the lunch is over, the servants pass out candles. Each of the guests receives an elaborately decorated taper. The Padre customarily

receives a huge, seven-branch candle.

At this point in the festivities the patron of the feast receives a statuette of the *Nino* Jesus, and then the procession to the church begins to wend its way through the streets. During the procession, plenty of firecrackers are shot off. Innocent bystanders have to be on their guard: the revelers sometimes get over-enthusiastic in their pyrotechnic displays. All the while, the band continues playing as loudly as the instrumentalists can manage. The cacaphony thus produced is anything but soothing to a person's ears. It is the weirdest combination of noises that I have ever heard.

On arriving at the church, each invited guest delivers his candle to the sacristan. He counts them as though they were so many pieces of gold, because he must return all except four candles after the fiesta.

The patron carries into church a large banner on a silver pole. He sits in the front pew while attending Mass. During the two years that we have been in Azangaro, neither the patron nor his guests received Communion on Christmas.

When the patron and his friends leave midnight Mass, the dancing and banqueting begin in earnest. The fiesta continues for three days. One would have a fight on his hands if he even implied that the patron's party had, in their celebration, any other purpose than to honor the *Nino* Jesus. The religion of these revelers is a by-pass. But habits engrained through long generations without priests cannot be erased by any but a slow, gradual process.

Other Catholics in Azangaro think that the Eucharist is the heart and soul of Christmas. For example, ten Quechua-speaking children received their First Communion on Christmas Day. These lassies work as servants in the homes of rich people. They came to two catechism classes every day during Advent, to prepare for this great event. The only times during the day when they had no chores were at five o'clock in the morning and three o'clock in the afternoon.

An encouraging aspect of such First Communions is that the effects are lasting. A group of 30 made their First Communion on the feast of the Immaculate Conception. Since then, most of these children have returned to the sacred table once or twice a month.

Another segment of the Azangaro population took Christmas seriously. The Children of Mary held a Christmas party for the poor children of the parish. They raised the money themselves, by putting on a show and raffle. After Mass they gave breakfast to 250 children. Each child was served cocoa, bread and cookies. The only things each child had to contribute were an appetite and a cup.

Later in the day the Children of Mary gave out toys, clothes, food and soap, to about four hundred children from poverty stricken homes.

I take off my hat to the ability of Legion of Mary members to manage things on an economical basis. The breakfast cost them about \$8, and the presents were bought for about \$25. ■ ■



These million-dollar smiles were imported from Formosa especially for you.

# Formosa Christmas

**Blue, red and white angels  
will have to wait for television.**

**BY R. RUSSELL SPRINKLE, M.M.**

■ MANY hours during the last two months were spent in getting ready for a Christmas play, written long ago by the seminarians in Bishop Ford's Diocese of Kaying, China. Some of the local schoolteachers, who come every Sunday for a two-hour English class with Father

Michael O'Connor, helped to direct the play. It had a large cast of characters, including some of the catechists, teachers, school children — and a host of tiny angels. In the beginning, the actors were merely walking clumsily through their parts, reading from manuscript. But Formosans memorize rapidly, and it was not long before all began to act their parts, sometimes a little too realistically, especially when it came to running, hitting, shouting, singing and screaming.

We received an urgent request, from the Taichung radio station. The management had heard about the wonderful Christmas play the Sisters were polishing up for presentation to the people of Tienchung. The station requested that the cast come to the studio, in order that a recording could be made, for broadcasting as a major portion of the station's Christmas program. All

the players were delighted, and put in a full day at the studio, so that many thousands on Formosa could benefit, instead of just hundreds. The station directors were pleased with the results and broadcast the play on the Sunday after Christmas.

Had we been selling tickets the price could have been boosted one hundred per cent, when the news circulated up and down the mission territory. The word was that the Christmas play at the Catholic church was so fine, that it was going to be broadcast. The little angels, dressed in blue and white and red, were a wee bit disappointed, for they were not invited to go to the broadcasting station, to gyrate up and down, around and around. After all, Formosa does not yet have a TV station.

Crowds began to pour into the mission long before it became dark on Christmas Eve. They wanted to get and keep the best places to see the play, scheduled to start at eight o'clock. About two thousand men, women and children were here for the first curtain.

We made no provision for seating the audience. They just milled around until they found good spots, and then stayed put. Those on the fringe of the crowd stood on benches, so as to see over the heads of the others.

The stage was constructed of bamboo, and was placed up against one of the old, mud-plastered buildings serving at present as the home of our seven native postulant Sisters. Several trees in front of the stage had been cut down in order that all the people could see. We shall never

miss them, for this property has so many trees and shrubs upon it that it looks like a small forest.

The costumes and scenery were as good as the play itself. They were created by the Sisters, or turned out under their direction. One of the Sisters here at the mission is an artist of no mean talent. She has painted excellent murals for several different churches on the island.

According to the catechists, teachers, and several people whom we questioned about the play, the performance was fine, and the audience enjoyed it thoroughly. An indication of this, according to them, was the fact that the audience, in spite of the uncomfortable positions they had, kept quiet. Even the children listened attentively. All stayed to the end. ■■



# Letters OF THE MONTH

A personal letter is a sort of portrait of the heart of a friend. We use no letters here without prior permission from the writers.

## Young Promoter

My age is eleven years old. I go to St. Elizabeth School. I am mailing you five dollars, which I collected Thanksgiving Day. I was dressed up as a clown, and I went from door to door for Maryknoll. My intention is to do this every Thanksgiving Day. Please remember my mother and father in your prayers.

LOUIS CAPUANO

Ozone Park, N. Y.

## For the Record

If your letter-writer from Salinas, California, is truly desirous of helping alleviate the miseries of suffering humanity outside this nation, he must join the ranks of the workers: those who write, those who contribute, and those who actually go out into the mission fields and serve. There will never be perfection on earth; there will always be weeds and barren places in God's garden of souls. But we cannot, we *must not*, forsake the flowers because we detest the weeds. We think your organization . . . offers the best way on earth to fight the things our reader hates. We love your work, your magazine, and the peoples you help. God grant that some day we will have more resources to give you help. God bless you!

THE E. E. ROBERSONS

Richmond, Va.

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## Our Big Family

The article in your October issue, on race prejudice, puts the blame on people. But isn't it a fact that God created some people yellow, some black, and some white? He put them in different parts of the world. If He wants things that way, that's good enough for me.

HARRISON MURPHY

Houston, Texas

■ *It isn't a fact. God created Adam and Eve (probably brown), from whom all races descend. The offspring of our first parents settled in different parts of the world, where environment and intermarriage produced the races we now know.*

Here's a little poem I learned long ago. It shows the silliness of racialism.

*If while be all the colors combined,  
And black their absence be,  
Then aren't whites the colored folks,  
And blacks from color free?*

ALICE STIRES

Los Angeles

I was surprised to learn that there was a Negro bishop in the United States. Why don't we have more of them?

EDWARD R. PACKER  
New York City

■ *Only a very small percentage of the*

MARYKNOLL

*Negro population in the United States is Catholic. So far, Negroes have given very few priests to the Church. As the proportion of Catholics rises, undoubtedly bishops will come from among this race.*

Prejudice has its roots in the home. All parents must be taught that it is unjust to pass on their own prejudices to their children. As your headline so aptly puts it, racism is a heresy.

MRS. HENRY A. HORNE  
Albany, N. Y.

#### Pet Peeve

The Maryknoll magazine is my pet peeve. It is so puerile. In one article you imply that the United States has spiritual as well as material wealth! Baloney! The cartoons on the back cover can only appeal to uneducated minds and to those who have been overcome by the "red" scare running rampant in our country today. In another article you assume that there are only two possibilities, communism or christianity. It's about time Maryknoll woke up to the fact that the choice isn't either—or. The naive conclusion that Africa has come of age is sheer nonsense. What's the use of going on?

NAME WITHHELD

New York City

■ Christianity takes a capital "C."

#### Soft Life

I have noticed that two people from California want their subscriptions to your magazine canceled. Is life in this state so soft that they do not want to hear of the misery of people in other parts of the world? The nicer people have it, the more hardhearted they get.

NAME WITHHELD

Chesaning, Mich.

DECEMBER, 1954

#### Two Comments

Our wonderful pastor here made a recent trip to Japan and told me no headway is being made or will be made by the Church until methods of conversion are changed. Why doesn't Maryknoll get up to date before it's too late?

NAME WITHHELD  
New York City

I am just returning from Japan. I have seen for myself what the Catholic Church is doing for Japan. I went ashore with hatred; I left with love for a people who are really children of God. The most important work in Japan is being done by the Church. Your road is the only road.

EDDIE GOW, USN

U.S.S. Bexar

#### Milk Bottle

Not long ago we came across your article, "He'll Have to Die. I Can't Spare Any Money Now." We wanted to help these poor children in some way. We decided to put a milk bottle in front of our shop, and placed your article beside the bottle. The enclosed twenty dollars represents donations from our friends and customers, Catholics and non-Catholics alike. The milk bottle has become a permanent fixture now. We have added the article, "Help Dry Those Tears."

GOODWIN'S BLOSSOM SHOPPE  
Port Arthur, Texas

#### One More Complaint

Since complaints seem to be fashionable at the moment, let me add a few. MARYKNOLL has disturbed my whole life, which before was nice and smooth and dull. It's far too interesting! I can't resist reading it from cover to cover. Because of it, I'm feeling twenty years younger.

MÁIREAD SCANLAN

# Maryknoll Want Ads

MARYKNOLL MISSIONERS in Bolivia require Benediction vestments; \$75 will supply the need.

FOUR CONFESSINALS are requested for Peru; \$100 each will provide them. An altar rug costs \$10.

AN ORGAN at \$300, athletic equipment at \$75, will help the Padres in Cobija, Bolivia.

RANCH CHILDREN live at a Maryknoll mission in Bolivia, to prepare for First Communion; \$28 pays all expenses per week.

MASS KITS with everything required for the Holy Sacrifice can be purchased for \$150. Many needed.

DOORS AND WINDOWS can be provided for a school in Africa; only \$100.

\$50 will send a poor child to a Catholic school for a year in Japan.

MASS WINE and hosts, a year's supply for Korea—\$25.

EACH MARYKNOLL PRIEST in Formosa averages 100 converts a year. Chapels for converts are needed. Cost \$5,000 each.

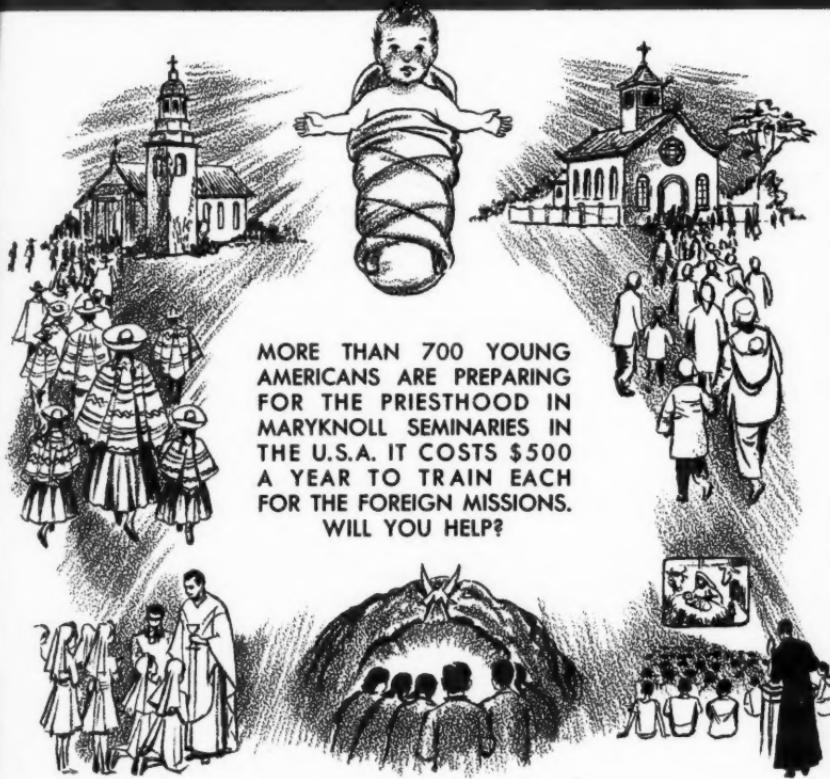
A TABERNACLE is needed in Central America; cost, \$125—and 3 Crib sets, \$60 each.



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# Your Gift to the Christ Child



MORE THAN 700 YOUNG AMERICANS ARE PREPARING FOR THE PRIESTHOOD IN MARYKNOLL SEMINARIES IN THE U.S.A. IT COSTS \$500 A YEAR TO TRAIN EACH FOR THE FOREIGN MISSIONS.  
WILL YOU HELP?

**MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.**

Dear Father:

I wish to have a share in educating an American boy to preach the Gospel in foreign lands.

I enclose \$..... toward the \$500 needed yearly to train him.

My Name.....

My Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

# People are Interesting!

The Sister Who  
Cried Her Orphans



1. Father Poletti went to the China-Hong Kong border to meet any missionaries forced out by the Reds.



2. He saw a Sister come up to the barbed wire. She was 91 years old, almost blind, and weak from hunger.



3. She was unable to get over a small step. The Red soldiers only laughed, and refused to help her.



4. She dragged herself across the barrier to freedom. Father then hurried to her assistance.



5. "I wanted to die in China," she said. "Now my orphans are all alone. No one cares for them."



6. Father carried the old nun to the train, while she moaned, "Poor orphans! My poor orphans."

Christ belongs to ALL the human race.

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paned,  
hans."